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Poetical.

An Invocation by the Sea.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

Beat on the white beach, restless sea,
With silver flash and thundering roar:
Type us the mighty and the free,
And let our dull lives rust no more.
Cool from the brain its fever heat:
Rouse up our pulses sinking low:
The Eternal walks thee with his feet
As once, two thousand years ago.

Our aims are narrowed to a thread:
Our truth is dwindled to a spark:
Our better lives are dull and dead:
Our hope of heaven is faint and dark.
Along the hot and dusty ways
There springs no great thought in the soul.
Raise us, oh sea, above our days!
Thy surf some blessing onward roll!

The barques we freighted years ago
With hopes that deepest burn and thrill—
Come back, oh God, how sad and slow—
We're watching, waiting, hoping still!
No, no! all cannot foundered be
Some must come back, though long we wait,
Give us some token yet, oh sea—
Some hopeful token of their fate.

Bring us some glory in thy spray,
From all the hoards of gems and gold
For ages cropped and stored away—
The wrecks of navies new and old!
Flash up some sealing through thy brine,
From all earth's noblest and her best—
From all the energies divine
Whose grave has been within thy breast!

Thou answerest not, eternal sea!
Thy wave is voiceless to our ears;
Unless thy moan an answer be—
That ceaseless moan of all Time's years.
Thy thunder may be sybil speech
To those who hear with reverent awe,
And every wave some lore may teach
To those who well the lesson draw.

Beat on our hearts thy thunder tone,
And startle us from pleasure's sleep!
Break up the stagnant dullness grown
Around us—till we smile and weep!
Love us with kisses that no more
From mothers' lips our own may bear:
Sound anthems from the Better Shore
That yet, perhaps, may call us there!

Miscellaneous.

A Wide-awake Young Lady.

About four miles from Easton, Pa, resides a wealthy farmer, his wife and only daughter. The latter is a dashing rustic belle, of the man-killing species, much noted for her dauntless way in doing things, and quick wit. Having a bill of a local bank for one hundred dollars, and not being able to use it on account of the inability of his neighbors to change it, the farmer resolved to send it to the bank for that purpose, and selected his daughter as carrier. The young lady mounted a horse and rode to Easton, but arrived there after the bank had closed, and after offering the bill at several stores without success she turned the head of her horse towards home.

She had just passed the suburbs of the city, when a "solitary horseman" overtook her and gave the salute courteous, with a winning air. As he had the appearance of a gentleman, and evinced the greatest respect for the fair equestrian, she returned his salutation without fear, and the two were soon riding side by side. The stranger expressed pleasure to find that they were both going the same way, and made such remarks about the landscape as led his fair companion to believe that he was not "native to the manor born;" he expatiated on the superb blending of colors in the sun set sky, observed that "God made the country," and dwelt upon the contrast of the merchant's cares and the farmer's freedom of soil. To all this poetical disquisition the maiden did most seriously incline, not dreaming that her companion was anything but a gentleman.

Smoothly ran the horseman's tongue, until they entered a dark wood through which the road wound, when he suddenly reined his horse directly across the path, and sternly desired the girl to "surrender that one hundred dollar bill she was trying to change in Easton." Thinking that he was trying to frighten her with a trick, the farmer's daughter laughed gaily in reply; but the production of a pistol convinced her of the true character of her escort, and she felt that the money must go. But mark how slight a thing will turn the tables, when circumstances all appear to tend one way. The poor girl drew forth the bill from her bosom, and was placing it in the scoundrel's outstretched hand, when a gust of wind blew it into the road, and the fellow was obliged to dismount to recover it.

No sooner had he left his horse, than the quick-witted girl applied the whip to her own horse, and he sprang forward—but not alone. The other horse started also, and away went the span with one rider. With an oath the robber dashed after them and fired his pistol; but the noise only frightened the animals into a still faster gallop, and the farmer's daughter found herself at home in double quick time. It did not take her long to relate her adventure, nor was her father at all delicate about examining the saddle-bags of the strange horse. In them he found, besides a large number of counterfeit bills, nearly fifteen hundred dollars in good money The animal alone was worth more than the amount lost, and the farmer was well satisfied with the exchange. The robber was probably some fellow connected with a gang of counterfeiters that infest Central Pennsylvania, and dogged the girl in her journey from store to store with the bill. He has not yet claimed his horse and saddle-bags—nor is there reason to believe he ever will.

☞ Consumptives who swallow the cod-liver theory, are dose-ile creatures.

Farmer Brown's Surprise Party.

BY MRS S. P. DOUGHTY.

"And what kind of a party is a surprise party, Miss Polly?" asked Farmer Brown, as he sat by the kitchen fire, quietly smoking his pipe, and listening to an animated account which his daughter Mary was giving of a surprise party she had attended the previous evening.

Mary drew up her light form somewhat resentfully, and with the least possible toss of her pretty head, she replied.

"If you would only remember not to call me 'Miss Polly,' father. You know how much I dislike it."

"You were named for your grandmother," returned the farmer, "and she was never called anything but Polly to the day of her death. However, we will change it to Molly, if that suits you any better. So answer my questions about the surprise party, Molly."

"Why, father, I thought every one knew what they were. They are all the fashion, I assure you. A party of young and old, as the case may be, unite together in providing music, a supper, and everything necessary for an evening's entertainment, and agree to meet at a certain time at the house of some mutual acquaintance, who is kept in ignorance of their intentions. They take possession of the house—dance, frolic and enjoy their music and refreshments, just as if they were invited guests. The family finding there is no help for it, take it all in good part, and join in the amusements of the evening. Last night the party was at Mr. Lawton's. I wish you could have seen their looks of consternation, as one guest after another appeared until their small rooms were quite crowded. Jane and Margaret made their escape as soon as possible, and dressed themselves for the occasion."

"More fools, they," said the farmer. "Better have gone to bed. A pretty pass things have got to, if a man's house is no longer to be his castle. That has been the rule ever since I can remember."

"But there is no harm in these parties, father," urged Mary. "Everything is provided, so that the family thus visited are at no trouble or expense."

"That may be, daughter, and yet there may be a thousand reasons why they would prefer not having the company. It is in my opinion, an unwarrantable intrusion, and should not be countenanced by sensible people."

"But you would treat them civilly, if they should ever come, father?"

Mary made this inquiry in rather an anxious tone, for more than once she had heard it hinted that "Farmer Brown's old kitchen would be just the place for a dance."

"Civilly, to be sure," replied the farmer. "Did you ever know me to be uncivil to any one? I should tell them my mind pretty plainly, I am thinking."

So saying, the good farmer rose from his chair, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and carefully replaced it in its usual nook, and then walked briskly away to the performance of some of his out door duties.

"Never mind, Mary," said Mrs. Brown, consolingly, as she observed the look of uneasiness on her daughter's countenance. "I dare say your father will not object to your having a party, if you wish."

"But I do not want to give a party, mother. I want to let them come, if they like, and find that they cannot take me by surprise."

"Well, let them come, then," returned the accommodating mother. "I'll warrant father will be civil. If he does not like the fun, he can go to bed." And with this comforting suggestion, the busy old lady again turned to her spinning wheel, the buzzing of which put an end to all further conversation.

Several weeks passed away, and the cool breezes of autumn had given place to the more piercing and decided blasts of early winter. Once more the farmer sat in customary place at the fireside. It was near the hour when he usually retired; but as a kind of preparation for his nightly slumbers, he was indulging in a light doze, or perhaps a deep reverie, in which visions of his well filled barns and granaries, and all the recent harvest, floated before him in blissful succession.

An attentive observer might have noticed that the fire blazed with an uncommonly cheerful light, considering that the old clock had already struck the hour of eight, and that the farmer rigidly adhered to the maxim, 'Early to bed and early to rise."

There was an uncommonly careful arrangement of every article in the spacious apartment, and also an unwonted attention to her own toilet, which, added to a certain restlessness in Miss Mary's demeanor, showed, that with her, at least, "coming events cast their shadows before." At length came a loud, and it must be confessed somewhat anxiously expected rap at the door.

"Who is here at this time of night?" exclaimed the farmer, as he started from his chair, rubbed his eyes, and looked at the clock.

"Some traveler, I suppose, who wants a night's lodging. Let him in, Mary."

But Mary had anticipated the command, and now ushered into the room a worthy farmer and his family, all in their best attire, and apparently intending to make an evening call.

"Glad to see you, neighbor Jenkins. Met with any accident on the road?" was the blunt but kindly salutation of farmer Brown.

"None at all, neighbor Brown. We have just dropped in for a chat this fine winter's evening."

"Glad to see you," repeated the farmer. "But I thought it rather late, that's all. But no matter for that; stir up the fire, Molly, and help the girls off with their things."

But now another thundering rap at the door, and the arrival of a new party of guests, excited still more wonder in the mind of the perplexed farmer; while Mary, although she endeavored to appear at her ease, cast many an anxious glance towards her father.

Still more arrivals; the old kitchen was rapidly filling with guests. Mrs. Brown was by her husband's side and whispered an encouraging word in his ear.

"Never mind, husband. It must be one of those parties. We will make the best of it. I can warm up the parlor in an instant."

"You will do no such thing, wife. I will manage this affair myself." And the farmer planted his foot on the floor in that determined manner, which long experience had taught her not to oppose.

"I can do nothing with him," she whispered to her daughter. "But do not be discouraged; perhaps he will take it quietly enough."

And quiet enough the farmer seemed, to be sure; for he had re-lighted his pipe, re-seated himself in his arm-chair, and was puffing away with an air of the utmost indifference. Meanwhile fresh guests arrived, and the preparations for the evening's entertainment went on. At length the fiddler, who was seated in an obscure corner of the room, commenced tuning his instrument for the occasion. The sound seemed to rouse the farmer to action. Taking the pipe from his mouth, he said, in a voice loud enough to ensure the attention of his auditors:

"You are heartily welcome, good neighbors. I suppose you have been on some sleigh-riding frolic, and have given us a call on your return. Draw up to the fire as many of you as can find room, and warm yourselves before you go home. And stop that scraping, Simon," he continued turning to the fiddler. "Your services are over for the evening, I presume."

"By no means, my good neighbor," replied one of the boldest of the guests. "On the contrary, they have just begun. You must know this is no sleigh-riding frolic, but simply a merry party to be held at your house, with your permission."

"But my permission has not been given," was the blunt reply, "and to my knowledge, you are not invited guests. I have no objections to a party when I choose to give one; but every man's house is his own castle.—That's my motto, neighbors. No offence, I hope."

There was a general silence. Many a merry party had been held in the village without the consent of those upon whom they had intruded, but none *against* their openly expressed wishes. In vain Mrs. Brown and Mary uttered their whispered remonstrances. The farmer was immovable, and at length, by general consent, another place of assembly was decided upon, and the company vacated the inhospitable mansion.

The farmer's dreams were undisturbed, in spite of sundry expressions of chagrin from his wife, and a burst of tears from his mortified daughter; and for many days no allusion was made to the intended surprise party.

Christmas had passed with all its happy and mournful memories, and the last day of the year was rapidly approaching, when Mr. Brown and Mary were startled by a sudden announcement from the farmer, that if they liked to go to a surprise party of his getting up, they might hold themselves in readiness the following evening.

"A surprise party of your getting up?—Why, husband!" was the involuntary exclamation of the astonished wife, while Mary, though silent, looked at him with equal wonder.

"Certainly; what is there remarkable in that? Cannot I get up a party as well as any other person?"

"No doubt you can, father; but you call it a *surprise* party. That is what astonishes us."

"I call it by its right name, Polly, or Molly, if you like it better. It is none of your new-fangled surprises, where people take possession of your house and all it contains but a real old-fashioned, pleasant way of doing a kindly turn to a neighbor. It is a sort of donation visit (none of your beggarly ones) to poor William Jones and his family. They have been under a cloud for the last few months, and it is time that their neighbors tried to help them to a ray of sunshine. What, with their loss by the fire, and Jones' long sickness and inability to work, they must be poorly provided for this winter."

"But the party, husband, tell us about that," interrupted Mrs. Brown, who, though heartily sympathizing with the sorrows of her neighbors, had a little womanly curiosity to hear more of the proposed entertainment.

"Ay, the party. That is all arranged. I have seen all the neighbors, and they all enter into it, heart and hand. A cordial reception I met with wherever I went, in spite of your prognostications, good wife, concerning the offence which I must have given the other evening. Twelve well loaded sleighs will start from our door at 7 o'clock on the evening of the last day of the year, ready to take up their line of march for William Jones', and it will not be our fault if his cellar is not well filled with an ample stock of fruit and vegetables, his shed with wood, and himself and his family well supplied with winter clothing before the new year dawns. But, on second thought, wife," continued the farmer, "I believe you cannot join in our frolic. Molly may go, but you—a word in your ear." And the farmer drew the good dame aside, and communicated something in a whisper which called from her several expressions of gratification and applause.

A dark cloud had indeed hung for many months over the household of William Jones. One misfortune had brought another in its train, until the desponding husband and father had almost ceased to hope for a ray of sunshine; and on the last evening of the unhappy year, feeble in body, dispirited in mind, he sat gazing upon his helpless family, while the heavy sighs which occasionally burst from his oppressed heart, plainly told of the anguish within. With affectionate sympathy his wife bent over him.

"Do you suffer more pain than usual this evening, dear William?" she asked. "I had hoped that you were really better."

"And so I am better in bodily health, my dear wife," was the reply; "but on this last night of the year, sad thoughts will crowd upon my mind. How brightly dawned the new year's morning, but alas, the clouds soon gathered thickly around us, and now what have we to look forward to! The little that we have remaining will be insufficient to furnish food for ourselves and our poor babies, and many long weeks must elapse before I can resume my old employment."

"But what a blessing to think that health is surely, though slowly returning, William. Ah, we cannot be too thankful. What are poverty and suffering while you are spared to us?"

The husband's reply was prevented by the merry jingle of the bells, as the first sleigh drove up to the door, and a moment after came the kindly greeting of Farmer Jones.

"Good evening, neighbor. Glad to see you looking a little better. A party of us have called to wish you a happy new year. Rather before the time, to be sure, but you must excuse that as it is kindly meant."

By the time the farmer had finished his speech, a long line of sleighs had drawn up in the little yard, guest after guest appeared with cheerful and sympathizing words, which fell like music on the ear of the sick man and his hopeful wife.

The most sensitive pride could hardly have taken offence at the quiet, kindly manner in which shed and cellar were now filled by the busy party, while another deposited in the neat little kitchen its appropriate share of winter stores together with many a useful package of dry goods suitable both for parents and children. Few words were spoken, but the light which shone on the desponding countenance of William Jones, and the tears in the eyes of his wife, showed that deep feelings were at work within, and as the happy party drove from the door, every heart responded to the farmer's exclamation:—

"That's the right kind of a party, my good friends. The year has been an abundant one to us, and now that it is about to close, it is well to obey the command, '*Freely have ye received, freely give!*'"

Once more the farmer's sleigh took the lead. As his own dwelling came in sight, he stopped and looked at the merry train, and gave a cordial invitation to dance out the old year in his capacious kitchen. And now the secret cause of Mrs. Brown's absence was explained; for, dressed in her best, the good lady appeared at the door to welcome her guests, while as they entered, the squeak of the old fiddle belonging to old Simon, as he sent forth its preliminary notes, might be distinctly heard. An excellent supper in due season appeared, and merrily was the old year danced out.

Mrs. Partington on Crinoline.

"Well, what on earth are you doing now?" said Mrs. Partington, with a tone of anxiety in her voice, and a large spoon in her hand, as Lion rushed into the kitchen, followed by Ike. The dog was almost covered up with a thick, coarse coffee bag, and, in perfect sympathy with Ike, who was laughing tremendously, he wagged his caudality as if he liked the fun. "What on earth are you doing now?" was a question that called for an answer; and Lion looked up into the old lady's face with his mouth open and his eyes glistening, as much as to say, "Look at me, Mistress P., for I am all dressed up you see." But he didn't say anything. "That's a crinoline, aunt," said Ike, "don't you think it's very overcoming?" "Yes, I declare," said she, "I think it comes over him a good deal, but you had better take it off, for it makes him look ridiculous." "It's all the fashion," said Ike. "All the fiddlesticks!" replied she; "and how should I look in the fashion, all hooped up like a wash tub? Shouldn't I look well? No, dear, no. I don't want to pretend to be more than I really am; and if I haven't been so unanimous as some, I don't want to cast no reflections on heaven for not making me no larger, by rigging on artificial supportations. It used to be the remark of Elder Stick that every tub should stand on its own bottom, and I want to see folks just as they are. And now what are you at?" cried she, breaking off her subject shorter than piecrust, and well she might, for Lion was parading the floor in great glee, with one of the dame's night-caps on his head, tied snugly under the chin, with great complacency. "Dear me," said she, dropping into a chair, "I am afraid your predomination will not be a good one, if you go on so; and little boys who tease their aunts don't go to heaven, by a great sight." He was much subdued by this, and taking advantage of her momentary abstraction and three doughnuts, he whistled for Lion and went out to play.

BEAUTIFUL REPLY.—A good man in affliction, who was asked how he bore his sorrows so well, replied, "It lightens the stroke to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

Divorced by Mistake.

One winter there came to Trenton, New Jersey, two men, named Smith and Jones, who had both of them designs on the Legislature. Jones had a bad wife and was in love with a pretty woman—he wished to be divorced from his bad wife, so that he might marry the pretty woman, who, by the way, was a widow, with black eyes, and such a form! Therefore Jones came to Trenton for a divorce.

Smith had a goood wife, good as an angel, and the mother of ten children, and Smith did not want to be divorced, but wanted to get a charter for a turnpike or a plankroad to extend from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hollow.

Well, they, with these different errands, came to Trenton, and addressed the assembled wisdom with the usual arguments.—First, suppers, mainly composed of oysters with rich background of venison; second, liquors in great plenty, from "Jersey lightning,"—which is a kind of locomotive at full speed, reduced to liquor shape—to New ark champagne.

To speak in plain prose, the divorce man gave a champagne supper, and Smith, the turnpike man, followed with a champagne breakfast, under the mollifying influence of which the assembled wisdom passed both the divorce and turnpike bills; and Jones and Smith—a copy of each bill in their pocket—went home rejoicing, over many miles of sand, and through the tribulation of many stage coaches.

Smith arrived home in the evening, and as he sat down in his parlor, his pretty wife beside him—how pretty she did look!—and five of the children over-hearing the other five studying their lessons in the corner of the room, Smith was induced to expatiate upon the good results of his mission to Trenton.

"A turnpike, my dear; I am one of the Directors, and will be President. It will set me up, love; we can send our children to the boarding school, and live in style out of the toll. Here is the charter, honey."

"Let me see it," said the pretty little wife, who was one of the nicest of wives, with plumpness and goodness dimpling all over her face. "Let me see it." as she leaned over Mr. Smith's shoulder.

But all at once Smith's visage grew long; Smith's wife's visage grew black. Smith was not profane, but now he ripped out an awful oath.

"Blast us, wife, those infernal scoundrels at Trenton have gone and divorced us!"

It was too true; the parchment which he held was a bill of divorce, in which the name of Smith and Smith's wife appeared in frightfully legible characters.

Mrs. Smith wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"Here's a turnpike," said she sadly, "and with the whole of our ten children staring me in the face, I aint your wife! Here's a turnpike."

"Blast the turnpike and the Legislature, and—"

Well the fact is that Smith, reduced to single blessedness, enacted into a stranger to his own wife, swore awfully. Although the night was dark, and most of the denizens of Smith's town had gone to bed, Smith bid his late wife to put on her bonnet, and arm and arm they proceeded to the clergyman of their church.

"Goodness bless me!" exclaimed the good man, as he saw them enter. Smith looking like the last of June shad, Smith's wife wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron—"Goodness bless me, what's the matter?"

"The matter is, I want you to marry us two right off," replied Smith.

"Marry you!" ejaculated the clergyman with expanded fingers and awful eyes; "are you drunk, or what's the matter with you?"

However, he finally married them over straightway and would not take a fee; the fact is, grave as he was, he was dying to be alone that he might give vent to a suppressed laugh that was shaking him all over; and Smith and Smith's wife went joyfully home and kissed every one of their children. The little Smiths never knew that their father and mother had ever been made strangers to each other by legislative enactment.

Meanwhile, and on the same night, Jones returned to his native town—Burlington, I believe—and sought at once the fine black eyes which he had hoped shortly to call his own. The pretty widow sat on the sofa, a white kerchief tied carelessly around her white throat, her black hair laid in silky waves against each rosy cheek.

"Divorce is the word," cried Jones, playfully patting her double chin; "the fact is, Eliza, I'm rid of that cursed woman, and you and I'll be married to night. I knew how to manage those scoundrels at Trenton. A champagne supper—or was it a breakfast, did the business for them. "Put on your bonnet and let us go the preacher's at once, dearest."

The widow, who was among widows as peaches among apples, put on her bonnet and took Jones' arm, and—

"Just look how handsome it is put on parchment!" cried Jones, pulling out the document before her; "here's the law that says that Jacob Jones and Ann Caroline Jones are two."

Putting her plump gloved hand on his shoulder she did look.

"O dear!" she said, with her rosy lips, and sank back half fainting on the sofa.

"O blazes!" cried Jones, and sank beside her, rustling the fatal parchment in his hand; "here's a lot of happiness and champagne gone to ruin."

It was a hard case. Instead of being divorced and at liberty to marry the widow, Jacob Jones was simply by the Legislature of New Jersey incorporated into a turnpike company, and what made it worse, authorized to run from Burlington to Bristol!

When you reflect that Burlington and Bristol are located just a little apart, on opposite sides of the Delaware river, you will observe the extreme hopelessness of Jones' case.

"It's all the fault of that turnpike man who gave them the champagne supper—or was it the breakfast?" cried Jones in agony. "If they had chartered me a turnpike from Pigs' Run to Terrapin Hollow, I might have borne it; but the very idea of building a turnpike from Burlington to Bristol bears an absurdity on the face of it."

So it did.

"And ain't you divorced?" said Eliza, a tear running down each cheed.

"No!" thundered Jones, crushing his hat between his knees, and what's worse the Legislature is adjourned and gone home drunk, and won't be back to Trenton till next year.

It was a hard case.

The mistake (!) had occurred on the last day of the session, when legislators and transcribing clerks were laboring under a champagne breakfast. Smith's name had been put where Jones' ought to have been, and "wisey wersey," as the Latin poet has it.

Guilt, Success and Penalty.

"The rogue to-day may triumph; but
His fall may be to-morrow overwhelming."

We sometimes hear persons express surprise that some particular individual, known to be unfair, dishonorable, treacherous, and guilty, should for a long series of years, not only succeed in his various enterprises, but do so in many cases at the expense of the honorable, faithful and virtuous. Nay, seeing such apparent triumphs of the reckless and the base, the short-sighted and irresolute have hesitated as to the further pursuit of a path of rectitude and well-doing, either in despair, or mercenary spirit. They have fancied, or endeavored to convince themselves that virtue was not sure of reward, that vice was better calculated for success in this world, and hence they have directly or indirectly wandered from the true way. Alas! for all such erring mortals. Where one succeeds through wrong doing and guilt, a hundred fail, and not only fail, but do so with a consciousness of having merited disaster. We concede that at times, the prospect is gloomy and overcast for men of noble energies, high qualifications, virtuous principles and undoubted honor. They struggle on for years, and yet make little apparent headway. At times, too, the prospect is almost hopeless, and their energies begin to fail. But if they continue to rely on Providence, if unfalteringly they pursue the right, if, despite the temptation of the profligate and corrupt, they adhere to integrity and principle, they will surely triumph in the end. There may of course be exceptions. But we believe that the history of mankind will prove them few and far between. And even failure in this world is nothing compared with the golden hopes of the life to come. A few short years, and however successful a man may be the grave will be sure to claim him. If his success has been founded on guilt—if by fraud he has accumulated a good fortune—of what avail will his wealth be, as he trembles on the confines of eternity? The past, darkened by wrong and outrage, will revive in his memory, and he will enter upon the mysterious journey of the never-ending future, with fearful misgivings and apprehensions. Thus, if successful here, if he shall have lived a long life, and have avoided penalty in this world, the hereafter will be dark and uncertain before him. But it rarely happens that the wrong-doer escapes even in this world. Nay, in the hour of his highest triumph, he feels that a penalty is due, and he dreads lest some sudden storm should overwhelm him. A still, small voice within, whispers of his evil past, reminds him that he stands beside a precipice, admonishes him to repent and make restitution. But he turns a deaf ear to the monitor, rushes into some excitement, and thus endeavors to shrink from the true contemplation of his position. And if he have any sensibility, if he have not become utterly callous, this is his constant condition. The case can be readily imagined. Let the reader suppose two brothers equally entitled to the property of a deceased father. But the elder being of age, is made the executor and trustee, and the whole estate is confided to his care. Tempted by a mercenary spirit, he wilily and gradually appropriates to himself the property of his brother, so that when the younger arrives at the period of manhood, he finds himself little better than a dependant. The business, too, has been managed with such subtleness, that he is unable to recover his rights. Stung by ingratitude, maddened by disappointment, he rushes into dissipation, and then the more cautious brother seeks various opportunities of taking advantage of him, until at last, in utter despair, he sinks into the grve. The fraudulent brother, meanwhile, flourishes in the eye of the world, and is apparently rich, prosperous and happy. But can he be?—Can his slumbers be peaceful and undisturbed? Can his thoughts be tranquil and composed? Must not the ghost of the defrauded, the ruined and the dead, occasionally haunt his pillow, and look upon him with eyes of reproach? Must he not turn restlessly at midnight, and fancy that some sudden judgment is about to be visited upon him? Must he not shrink from his own thoughts, and turn pale when the memory of his father's dying wishes comes back to his mind, to his heart. And so with all other guilt. Let no one fancy that because apparently fortunate—because he has succeeded in cheating a neighbor and a friend—because he is revelling upon property which rightfully belongs to another, that a day of retribution will not come. The proud man who, despising the common walks of humanity, fancies that he has peculiar privileges, is often cut down in the zenith of his power. The poor may perish by hundreds in his immediate neighborhood, & it will scarcely excite a sensation of sympathy and regret. Nay, he will endeavor to prove that they merited no better fate—that they were reckless, profligate, improvident, and that, therefore, they virtually committed suicide. But, alas! let sickness and death enter into the princely mansion, and then the tone will be changed. It is so easy to denounce others for vices which we also practice. It is so easy to see in others that which we cannot discover in ourselves. A lucky villain may dazzle for a moment, but trace his career from first to last, and the admiration will be changed into admonition. We have faith in penalty for crime. We believe that the wrong-doer will not escape. The quiet plunderer, who defrauds the widow and the orphan, or who accumulates a fortune by some mode equally disreputable, is not a whit better in the eye of equity, than the bold burglar who rifles your house, or the highwayman who demands your purse or your life. There are crimes, too, which are far more deadly which are darker and deeper than those which aim merely at pecuniary objects.—We allude to the deliberate slanderer, to the malignant who delights in destroying the peace of an otherwise happy family. And is there no penalty for such? Do they always escape? Far, very far from it. They suffer not only here, but hereafter. Their deadly machinations, while they disturb the repose of others, embitter their own lives. An habitual slanderer cannot be happy.—The poison that he utters from time to time, corrodes and corrups his own existence.—He must live in constant terror of exposure. The sword of retribution is suspended above him by a single hair. We repeat, wrong-doing, deliberate guilt cannot escape. The penalty will come sooner or later.—*Phila. Inquirer.*

The Effects of Smoking.

The remarkable research made by M. Bouisson upon the danger of smoking has attracted the notice of the Academy, and has been rewarded with high praise. The horrors hitherto unknown, or unacknowledged, with which smokers are threatened, nay more, convicted by M. Bouisson are sufficient upon bare anticipation to ruin the revenue and the pipe-makers also. Cancer in the mouth, M. Bouisson declares to have grown so frequent from the use of tobacco that it now forms one of the most dreaded diseases in the hospitals, and at Montpelier, where M. Bouisson resides, the operation of its extraction forms the principal practice of the surgeons there. In a short period of time, from 1845 to 1859, M. Bouisson himself performed sixty-eight operations for cer in the lips at the Hospital Saint Eloi.—The writers on cancer previous to our day mention the rare occurrence of the disease in the lips, and it has therefore become evident that it must have increased of late years in proportion with the smoking of tobacco. M. Bouisson proves this fact by the relative increase in the French duties on tobacco, which, in 1813, brought an annual amount of $25,000 000, and now gives a revenue of $130,000 000; almost that attained by the duties on wines and spirits, and far beyond that rendered by those on sugar. M. Bouisson remarks, justly or not, that "this figure as extravagant as it may appear, fades into insignificance before that attained by the British tax, which, according to Dr. Seymour, amounts to a fabulous sum, in a country where boys smoke from five o'clock in the afternoon till three o'clock in the morning, and where children of ten years old are known to consume as many as forty cigars in a day!"

The use of tobacco, rarely, however, produces lip cancer in youth. Almost all of Bouisson's patients had passed the age of forty. In individuals of the humbler classes who smoke short pipes and tobacco of inferior quality, the disease is more frequent than with the rich, who smoke cigars or long pipes. It becomes evident, therefore, that it is owing more to the constant application of heat to the lips than to the inhaling of the nicotine that the disease is generated.—With the Orientals, who are careful to maintain the coolness of the mouth piece by the transmission of the smoke through perfumed water, the disease is unknown. M. Bouisson, whose earnestness in the cause does him the utmost credit, advises a general crusade to be preached by the doctors of every country against the immoderate use of tobacco, as being the only means of exterminating the habit; because, although the most powerful sovereigns have been powerless to prevent it—although Sultan Amurath threatened in vain to cut off the noses of those who smoked, and Peter the Great vowed direst vengeance against all smokers, and even the thunders of the Vatican have been hurled against them in vain, there is one thing which mankind holds in more horror than a noseless face, or even an excommunicated soul—and that is an untimely death. Let young men be once impressed with this truth, and the "Art of Smoking," which one of our best authors has lately extolled as the finest of all the fine arts, will soon be set aside and forgotten.